

# Losing the Light by Lies

by hiccupandtoothlessforever

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Summary: Hiccup has never known his real father only ever Alvin. But when Stoick finds him fighting against Berk he knows who this small child is. Rated T for safety.

## 1. Prologue

**\*\* Losing the Light by Lies.\*\***

Hiccup has never known his real father only ever Alvin. But when Stoick finds him fighting against Berk he knows who this small child is. Rated T for safety.

The story of lies which hurt more than protect.

Told by a fool who trusted the wrong man.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Do you ever wonder why secrets are so hard to keep? I believe that one secret will lead to another until you don't have any more room for the truth. <em>

\_ I have lost a limb, fought against my tribe, and been beaten by my own father. But nothing can compare to being lied to by someone you thought you knew all your life.\_

\_I remember an old man once said before his execution. "Will you just tell me the truth about why I'm being killed?" When I said that he would be better protected if he didn't know the truth the man stated. "I'd rather be hurt by the truth than protected by a lie." I have never forgotten those words and I will not start to forget them now.\_

## 2. The First Battle

**\*\*TOLD YOU I WAS GOING TO POAT ANOTHER CHAPTER!\*\***

**\*\*Losing the Light by Lies\*\***

**\*\* Chapter one \*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>"Hiccup! Report to deck!" Yelled Savage into the dim lighted cabin. I sat up and yawned from my blood stained bed.<p>

"Got it!" I yelled back even though the door isn't five feet away from me. I heard Savage stomp away and I stood up gripping the bed for support as I stretched last night's scars.

I winced and sighed irritated. \_"Last night's beating was the worst one I've had in years." \_I thought nonchalantly.

Ever since I had trained the Night Fury Alvin's daily beatings have gotten worse. But now it was my turn to show everyone that \_I \_was right this time about dragons.

I sighed tiredly and started on my way towards the door. I grabbed my vest and my sword before walking out of the cabin. I sheathed my sword and looked myself over in the moonlight shining down on me.

I, Hiccup, son of Alvin was not what anybody would say "Viking material." I spent most of his time fighting with my own father to really care what other people were saying about me. When somebody did say something to my face it was usually the kids who picked on me.

For example one night when I was ten which was five years ago, a kid named Wartythog thought it would be funny to call me a one legged loser. Even though I had fought against a huge dragon and saved the entire Outcast village from having no villagers, it still doesn't stop kids from bullying me.

Any way he called me a few names and I called him something I had heard my father say to meâ€|You should get the point that it couldn't have been very good.

But that was when they had first locked up my dragon, Toothless. He's on the boat with the rest of the Outcast's in fact, though he is on a different boat in metal chains. So even for five years my father still can't trust me to take care of a dragon.

Shocker huh?

"Ah Hiccup. Up I see?" Stated Alvin a question in his voice. I yawned and rubbed my eyes tiredly.

"Yes I have just woken up to the sound of Savages horrid voice." I mutter quietly bowing my head respectfully.

"Well that will teach ya to get up earlier." Bellowed Alvin. "Anyway were a few hours away from Berk, and we need everyone ready for the attack." He stated. I nodded in understanding and smiled

happily.

\_"Finally! Some Vikings who I can try my skills on." \_I thought thinking of my sword fighting skills. I was actually really good, considering that I was never allowed to practice.

"But, son what I need you to do is go ahead and blow up some houses and make sure they are at least a little tired so their movements are slower." Said Alvin. I nodded and even though I didn't like the foul play he was putting into the whole battle I still wanted to see what it would be like to be in my first Outcast battle.

"Go clean up than once your done I will tell Savage to let the dragon go so you two can fly ahead." Said Alvin. I nodded again and rushed back to my cabin. I lit a few candles and looked into the mirror taking a good look at myself.

I was wearing a brown tunic, dark green leggings, black boots (Well boot), and my black Vest. My hair was auburn streaked with blood and mud, I was covered in cuts, and my eyes were dark green with no light in them at all.

I pulled off my vest and tunic before throwing them over into a knapsack set in the corner of the room filled with dirty laundry. I opened a cabinet full of clothes of different colors. I grabbed a black tunic and another vest this time dark brown and threw them on without hesitation.

When I looked back into the mirror and frowned at the sight of my green leggings and quickly took of my boot to slide the fabric off and grabbed a black pair of leggings. When I looked back in the mirror I smiled at the sight of myself and grabbed my sword. I looked like a demon of the starless sky, where you can't see anything but the outline of the figure then right when you think he's goneâ€¦|

\_"BAM!"\_

I jumped in fright as my mind broke away from its train of thought and I threw my boot back on and raced back to the main deck while sheathing my sword.

"Dad! What happened?!" I yelled to Alvin, who was running across the deck.

"I don't know!" He yelled back at me angrily. I quickly dropped the subject and ran towards him following in his wake. We jumped from boat to boat till we got to the one Toothless was being held on.

Speaking of Toothless he was fighting against his chains, roaring in defiance.

"Control the stupid dragon boy!"Screamed Alvin at me. I didn't need to be told twice.

I raced over to Toothless and spoke soft soothing words trying to calm him down. "Bud it's okay I'm right here." I said calmly putting my hand on his head. He looked up at me with pleading eyes and I couldn't look away.

"Are you ready Hiccup?" Asked Alvin. I nodded and grabbed hold of Toothless's muzzle and kept it closed as the other Vikings went over and started to unclip the chains. Toothless started to fight, but I did have some muscle since I have lived with the Outcasts, so I kept him quiet and I whispered what we were going to do to him. He stopped moving and let the men continue the process of undoing all the chains on him.

Once he was free I jumped on him and waited for my father to tell me when to go. He nodded and Toothless and I flew into the sky towards Berk. After about five minutes we spotted a speck on the horizon which by flying closer found out it was Berk.

It was still dark and father wanted me to blow up a few houses just to get Berk up and moving. I looked around and spotted a large house on the hill. \_"That must be the chief's house." \_I thought happily. I pointed to the house and Toothless flew over to it. He filled his throat with his purple gas but right before he could shoot his plasma blast we were wrapped up in a bola.

Toothless was able to get his wings free and I was able to move my foot an inch. So Toothless and I were flying for a few minutes before we started to plummet down to earth. Luckily in those few minutes Toothless had been able to position himself so we were falling towards a beach and not into the center of town.

When we crashed I quickly pulled out my knife and cut through the ropes. I jumped off of Toothless to see the damage and was happy when I saw he was just a bit shaken up. But of course nothing ever turns out the way I want it to.

"He went that way!" Yelled a Viking from the village. I saw lights turn on and I quickly pulled off the ropes that still covered Toothless. When he was free of all bonds I jumped back on him and we took off into the sky.

"Were did that dragon go?" I heard one of the men ask as ten Vikings ran to the spot where we had been. I should have left right then but I wasn't going to let my father down. So I got Toothless to fly back over to where we had been and Toothless shot a quick plasma blast at the house. It blew up and I spotted a man run out coughing from the smoke.

I pointed to another house and soon Toothless and I had destroyed five housesâ€|not counting the chiefs house. I thought that would be enough so Toothless and I flew back to the boats to tell them what had happened. When we landed I ran over to my father and he looked down at me. (Not that it was new.)

"So what happened?" He asked gruffly.

"Blew up six houses. One of them the chief's." I reported formally.

"Great job boy!" Laughed Alvin and I smiled slightly. It wasn't every day that he showed any sign of being proud of me. Today might be a good one after all. "You know what Hiccup no beatings for today." He whispered this into my ear and I smiled happily.

"Okay so we need to get to Berk in an hour so Hiccup will you do us the honor and pull the boat to help get us there faster." Said Alvin. I nodded and jumped back on Toothless who purred sadly, since it was going to be him who had to pull the boat.

I grabbed the rope and tied it to Toothless front right leg and Toothless took off with a grunt. The other boats had to speed up but except for that we got there in twenty minutes. When the Outcasts saw most of Berks inhabitants putting out the fires Toothless and I had started they let out a powerful battle cry and they waited for the boats to get on land then they jumped off and attacked the now waiting Berkians on shore.

Toothless landed and I jumped off of him and started to untie the rope around his leg. When I was done he leaped into the battle and then I was all alone. I pulled out my sword and rushed into battle. Instantly I found myself face to face with a dark haired boy.

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><p><strong>XP<strong>

### 3. Exile

**\*\*Losing the Light by Lies\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 2\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless landed and I jumped off of him and started to untie the rope around his leg. When I was done he leaped into the battle and then I was all alone. I pulled out my sword and rushed into battle. Instantly I found myself face to face with a dark haired boy.<p>

"Come on wimp we need to fight of the Outcasts!" He yelled at me and motioned with his hand for me to follow. I shook my head playfully and smiled at him showing him my sharpened canines.

All Outcast's sharpen their teeth as they grow older. Teens only sharpen their canines to make it easier for them to rip whatever flesh off the bone that they could get.

The boy stared at me for a moment then got into a readied stance. I got into my own and gripped my sword harder. The boy ran at me and I jumped out of the way easily throwing out my prosthetic and tripping him. I didn't feel like spilling blood just yet so I took the hilt of my sword and knocked him out.

Once I straightened back up I noticed everyone was looking at something their weapons hanging loosely in their hands. I walked through the crowd and when I saw what they were staring at I gasped.

My father was on the ground and the chief of Berk, Stoick the Vast, standing over him his ax raised above his head. I saw what was happening as if in slow motion. I ran in as the ax start to fall and I raised my sword just as I jumped between my father and Stoick. I

heard a metallic \_'CLANG!\_'\_ And I looked up to see my sword had blocked the ax from chopping into me.

"Nice one boyo!" Yelled Alvin jumping up and watching as I pushed a very surprised Stoick away from me. I bared my teeth and got into a readied stance.

"I wouldn't get in the way boy." Growled Stoick. "Why don't you go back to you parents?" He continued and I laughed coldly.

"You were about to kill him." I growled bitterly and Stoick's eyes widened.

"Come on Hiccup." I heard Alvin whisper behind me. I thought of what had almost happened and I felt anger start to blacken my heart. Than I thought of that dark haired boy calling me a wimp and my heart seemed to disappear into thin air in my chest. I closed my eyes for a second and I felt all my anger come out as I spoke.

"I am son of Alvin the treacherous, and the heir to the Outcasts!" I opened my eyes and I knew that Stoick was surprised at the darkness lurking in my eyes. I walked slowly towards him my sword raised and I felt something click inside me.

I wanted to see this man on the ground bleeding in front of me. I wanted to cut out his heart and keep it as a souvenir. I wanted to see him dead.

â€

I looked into his eyes as I swung my sword at his chest. He blocked it with his ax and looked at my eyes. We both froze in our spot as our eyes connected. I had a flashback of something that I had seemed to have forgotten long ago.

\_Those gray eyes looked down on me full of love and guilt as he passed me to Alvin. I had buried myself into Alvin his warmth comforting to my freezing skin. Few words were passed back and forth from Stoick and Alvin. I had turned and looked at Stoick and I had been shocked to see those teary gray eyes staring right at me. Then I saw him bend over and I heard him whisper three words that I have never heard after that day.\_

\_"I love you."\_

I was flying backwards from something hitting me in the stomach. My sword was on the ground and I landed on the ground on my back shocked. I turned onto my stomach and coughed forcefully, so soon I was gagging. Bile rose in my throat but I swallowed it and coughed up some blood and spit.

I looked up to see Stoick hovering over me and Alvin walking away. "Dad." I whimpered and he turned around.

"Nope sorry Hiccup. You're not my son." He spoke easily and he seemed so happy. I knew he never cared for meâ€but to just throw me away? I felt something run down my face and I saw it was a tear. I quickly wiped it away and tried to stand but Stoick put his foot on my back and it kept me from getting up.

I heard a roar and looked to see Outcast's pulling Toothless away from me. I cried out and tried to get up but when I couldn't I grabbed my knife from my belt and was able to move enough to throw the knife at the Outcasts pulling Toothless.

The blade hit an Outcast in the hand and he screamed in pain. That gave Toothless enough time to shake the others off and run over to me. He growled at Stoick and I felt the foot leave my back so I got up and ran to Toothless ignoring the sharp pain in my stomach. I looked at his tail-fin and it was destroyed. Apparently someone was able to get a sword on it and it had been ripped up.

Toothless put a wing around me and growled at anybody who got close. I heard the Outcast start to sail off and I heard Berkians mutter to themselves about what had just happened. Toothless took his wing off me and I looked around to see more dragons walking around with the Vikings.

\_'They train dragons!\_' \_I thought to myself shocked. Then another flashback started to happen and I fell against Toothless.

\_"We don't have to kill them." I said to a blonde haired girl by the sound of my voice I was around five.\_

\_"But they kill us." She spoke softly. I took her hand and raised it showing it to the Nadder.\_

"Hiccup? Are you alright?" I snapped myself out of my dream state to see Stoick looking at me worry filling his eyes.

"Wh-why do you care?" I asked trying to sound brave but failing at it miserably.

"Because you got a pretty hard hit with that knife." He said. I growled and showed my canines to him hoping they would at least give him the idea that I'm not going to be all sweet and nice. I tried to stand but fell back down in pain. I saw Stoick reach for me but I hissed threateningly.

Outcast's always hiss warnings at their attacker if they are cornered. Just like wild animals we are more dangerous when we don't have anywhere to run. Moonlight shined down on me and I flashed my teeth at Stoick.

I heard a roar and turned to see Toothless fighting against ropes and chains. "Toothless!" I cried out as I tried to run over to him but I fell back down in pain.

"Don't worry he's just going to the arena until we can heal you up." Said Stoick. I tried to stand again but this time pain shot through my stomach and I put my hands on the spot gasping when I felt something warm and sticky. I looked at my hands to see them covered with blood.

I knew what pain was but now being exiled; having healing scars on my back, and bleeding from my stomachâ€¦it was hard to tell whether I had ever felt something like this.

I tried to stand but I fell down again, you would have thought I had given up by now but no I was still trying to stand and I kept falling

back down like a newborn yak. Finally I broke down and I felt warm tears flow down my face as my whole world came crashing down. I had no family, my dragon was trapped, and I was in so much pain that I couldn't stand.

"Dadâ€¦" I whimpered quietly hoping he would hear and come back telling me it was just a joke. But no, this was realâ€¦the painâ€¦real. The sadnessâ€¦real. My tearsâ€¦real.

I doubled over as pain washed over me and I let my shaggy auburn bangs fall over my face shielding it from the stares of the Berkians. I don't know how long I stayed like that all I know was it was only when I couldn't quell my sadness any more that I let out a loud sob.

I heard gasps as I sobbed, I heard muttering, I heard my own broken voice yell out "Shut up!" What I didn't want to hear or feel was my heart in my head.

I was getting a headache by just sobbing and soon the ache was spreading to my numb legs. I started to kneed my temples trying to stop the pain but it didn't help and soon I was crying loudly again.

I heard someone tell someone else to get some water but I didn't care anymore. I was tired and alone in a place I have never been. I grabbed a stick that was next to me and I threw it at a tree not far in front of me. The stick bounced off and landed back in front of me. I decided to take all my anger off on the stick and soon I was chewing on it sharpening my canines.

I heard sounds of disgust and I chuckled coldly before taking the stick out of my mouth and saying "If you don't like it. Go away." I heard everyone quiet down and I started to chew on my stick again. Usually Outcast's used pieces of scrap metal to sharpen their teeth but since I didn't have any the stick would have to do.

I chewed at the tip for awhile then I felt something cut my tongue. Taking the stick out of my mouth again I noticed I had sharpened the stick as well as my teeth. I smiled evilly and tried to stand again. This time I was able to stand shakily and I walked around a bit to get feeling back in my legs. When I looked up and saw the entire village staring at me I growled and flashed my newly sharpened teeth at them.

They gasped and I smiled slyly as my legs straightened out. I looked for Stoick and spotted him standing next to a Viking missing a arm and a leg. I hissed at him making sure my teeth shone in the moonlight.

Your probably wondering why I am talking about my teeth a lotâ€¦well it's simple. On Outcast Island the sharper your teeth the more you get to eat. I know it doesn't make much sense but I had to catch my own food and since I am worthless with a bow and arrow my teeth are the only reason I have been able to eat anything. That's the way I was raised so you can't really blame meâ€¦right?



**\*\*My chapters will get smaller and smaller as each one comes and goes. Sometimes I'll be able to write big chapters but mostly they'll be small.\*\***

**\*\*Losing the Light by Lies.\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 3 \*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>"Hiccupâ€| " Began Stoick taking a step towards me. I took a step back and my back pressed against the tree. I growled irritated and sat down. Right there and then I decided that I wasn't going to talk to him or anyone for that matter.<p>

"Hiccup you need to listen to me." He said kneeling down in front of me. I put my back to him and crossed my arms over my chest giving him the silent treatment. "Hiccup! Turn around now!" Ordered Stoick and I chuckled coldly at the fact that he thought he could order me around.

I have been disobeying orders for as long as I can remember. One from Stoick the Vast wasn't going to be any different. I felt a hand on my shoulder pick me up and set me down on my feet. Once I was standing I fell back down on my rear end.

"Children."

I heard it clearly and I stood up angrily, spinning on my heels I stared at Stoick.

"Don'tâ€|youâ€|everâ€|callâ€|meâ€|that...everâ€|again!" I hissed between my clinched teeth. I gripped my stick harder and raised it the point facing Stoick. He eyed it carefully and shrugged.

"Well if you're not a child then why are you acting like one?" The question shocked me. I dropped my stick and my arms fell loosely at my side. My head tilted to the right a little bit astonished.

I don't know why I was astonished but I was.

My frown turned upside down and soon I was laughing.

Really laughing.

Not that fake rubbish that I doâ€|noâ€|this was a genuine laugh.

"That's the best question I've heard in years!" I laughed. Stoick stared down at me as if scared for my sanity but that just made me laugh more. I picked up my stick and started to chew it again. My smile never left my face even when I looked at my wound.

"Most likely made by the hilt of a dagger." I muttered to myself from behind the stick. I started walking around the tree in circles thinking of my next move. "Ohâ€|just let Father Get close to me!" I laughed evilly. I took the stick out of my mouth and swung it around like a sword. Speaking of sword's I looked over at mine and walked over to it and picked it up. I examined it closely checking for any dents. Once I made sure it was perfectly fine I sheathed it and just then I remembered everyone around me.

"Well it's nice meeting all you horrid Vikings but I have some

revenge I need to hand out. Starting with the man who I have called father all my life." I had a cold tone to my voice as I walked around in front of the Berkians.

"Would you be so kind as to bring my dragon, Toothless, out please?" I put please at the end even though it sounded foul on my tongue.

"Nope not until you and I have a little chat." Said Stoick stubbornly.

"I don't care what you have to say. It's either you give me my dragon or I'll make you." I threatened. I felt a hand on my shoulder and I turned around to find the same man who had been standing next to Stoick.

"Come on, let's get you something to eat. You look starved." I was surprised by the kindness in his voice and I instantly trusted him though I would not tell him that.

"No thanks." I growled trying to ignore my stomach's begging. "I don't need to eat to survive." I explained bluntly.

"So what do you need? Sharp teeth and bark and water I guess." Joked the man and I nodded. "I was kidding you can't be serious." Stated the man.

"That's all I got and I've survived for years. But the real treat is when I was able to catch a deer or rabbit. The taste of their blood on my tongue oh gives me shivers just thinking of it." My tongue lulled out of my mouth as I thought about raw rabbit blood.

"Okay you can stop your giving me the willies." Said the man. I felt his hand move off my shoulder. "Is there anything you will eat instead of wood?" Asked the man.

"I could go for deer blood or raw rabbit meat or or freshly caught salmon." I started to drool as I thought of all the delectable's I haven't been able to have for years.

"Have you ever had a chicken leg?" Asked the man. I shook my head hurriedly.

"I'll never make the mistake of biting a chicken's leg again. That thing almost pecked my eyes out." I shuddered slightly.

"No no I mean a cooked chicken leg." Laughed the man.

"Cooked?" The word was so foreign to me that I didn't understand at all.

"You know when you put meat or whatever into a pot and heat it up over the fire." Stated the man.

I shook my head and looked at him as if he were mad then it clicked in my head. "OH! You mean when it's not raw and it doesn't have any blood flowing out of it! Oh no only the important people are allowed to have that which is everyone but me." My shoulders dropped as I remembered all the sad moments when I was alone with my bloody rabbit leg.



Stoick hadn't pushed me off of it.

"What are you doing!?" I screamed while I stood up and watched my meal flee. My stomach growled painfully loud as the smell of rabbit left my senses.

"What kind of hunting is that?!" Yelled Stoick right back at me. I took a step back at the anger boiling in his voice—but then again I always had anger boiling in me. It was just a matter of time before someone gave me, my own taste of my medicine. But still rule of the thumb: Never yell at me.

"That was my kind of hunting!" I shouted all of a sudden pain shocked through me from my stomach. Stoick looked taken aback as I fell to my knees holding my stomach. My wound was bleeding heavily and I was sure that would attract predators like wolves.

"Are you okay?" Asked Stoick his eyes filled with worry.

"Leave me and go die." I groaned. I just wanted to be left alone. That's the way I've lived and that's the way I wanted to live. A nice quiet life by myself. When Stoick didn't leave I growled irritated at his stubbornness.

"You should take it easy with that wound." Stated Stoick. I shook my head and stood up forcing myself not to scream out in pain.

"I'm just hungry." I stated bitterly. And as if by chance or fate the black and white rabbit hopped back into the space where we were standing. I looked at Stoick and he gave me a small nod. I fell back onto all fours again and stalked towards the rabbit. When it looked at me I stopped and held my breath, when it turned around I crept closer.

Once I was close enough I pounced onto the rabbit and my canines found their way into its neck.

I felt it struggle beneath my weight. I felt its heart beat slow down. I felt its squeals of horror. But most of all I felt its blood trickle down my throat, my teeth tear its flesh, and I felt Stoick's eyes watch me.

I felt insecure with Stoick watching me kill my prey, I felt ashamed almost. I ripped out the rabbit's throat to make sure it had died completely and soon my face was covered with blood as I tore meat out of the rabbit. I looked over at Stoick and asked a question I had never thought I would ask to a Berkian.

"Want some?"

He shook his head quickly looking sick and I shrugged and dug into the flesh by myself. I hummed happily as blood covered my long bangs. I loved the smell of my prey's blood. Whether it was a rabbit or a deer or even a fish it just gave me all the energy I needed to continue on.

Soon I had finished all the meat that wasn't connected to anything so I went to work on the bones. I ripped meat off the bones easily with my bloodstained teeth. It was just so good that I couldn't believe Stoick wasn't having any.

Then another memory hit me.

\_"Toothless? I could have sworn you hadâ€|" The Night fury's teeth popped out and it took the fish right out of my hands. "Teeth." I finished lamely. The dragon looked at me and started to walk towards me as if looking for food.\_

\_"No, noâ€|I don't have any more fish." I gasped as I fell against a rock. The dragon stood over me then he started to gag. And soon half a fish was in my lap. The dragon looked at it then at me. I looked at it then at the dragon hopelessly. I lifted the fish to my lips and took a bite out of it and swallowed trying to keep the slimy fish down.\_

The memory stopped and I looked over at Stoick. He was looking anywhere but at me. I smiled and grabbed a bone that still had lots of meat on it and stood up. I walked over to Stoick silently and dropped it in his hands. He jumped startled and I chuckled a bit when he looked down at the food offering disgusted.

"Uhhâ€|" he seemed to not know what I was trying to get him to do. I looked at the offering then at him. He looked at the offering then at me and sighed.

He had got my silent message.

He lifted it up to his mouth and took a rather small bite. He handed the offering back but I still looked at him ignoring the bloody meat.

He hadn't swallowed.

I swallowed thickly so he would see what I wanted. He rolled his eyes and swallowed it. I saw him swallow the bile as it came up also. Stoick smiled at me clearly disgusted and I did something that changed my opinion about him completely.

I smiled back.

My dorky smile, my lopsided smile, myâ€|myâ€|my smile! I had smiled at Stoick! Me the Outcast of Outcasts had smiled at the chieftain of Berk. I shook my head and went back to the rest of the rabbit and tore another chunk of meat off of its bones. While doing so my mind reeled around just one thing.

This is going to be the longest time in the history of times.

## 6. Loved

\*\*I love seeing two things \*\*

\*\*I love love love love love love love love love love LOVE reviews. I've been getting alot latly and I am so happy people are likeing my stories. MY stories. Of course theres always one or two criticisms but nothing I can't handle. LOVE YOU GUYS ^^ \*\*

\*\*Losing the Light by Lies\*\*

## **\*\*Chapter 6\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"How was living with the Outcasts?"<p>

"Well living on Outcast Island makes you more aware of your surroundings." I said about an hour later after I had jumped into a river to clean myself off. I was still soaked and it felt weird to not have any blood on me. I had completely forgot about my wound and I was starting to warm up to Stoick. I took a stick I had been

"I can get thatâ€|but how was it like living with Alvin?" Asked Soick. I froze in my spot and stared off into the distance.

\_ 'how much should I tell himâ€|should I tell him everythingâ€|or nothing?' \_

"It's not that bad a few beatings every dayâ€|nothing much different from any other child I guess." I stated.

\_ 'Why would you tell him that Hiccup!' \_I yelled at myself for my stupidity.

"He beat youâ€|for what?" Asked Stoick watching as I started walking again.

"I don't knowâ€|not being able to fend for myself I guess." I replied.

\_ 'Gods Hiccup shut up.' \_Again I had slipped and told him too much.

"WHAT!?" Yelled Stoick turning on me. I backed up quickly unsure of where this anger had come from. Soon I was against a tree and I dropped down onto my knees by instinct. He looked at me his grey eyes shining with anger and regret.

"You can fend for yourself just fine by the looks of it." He stated more calmly then what he had sounded before. I took in a deep breath and sighed as I heard his voice lowered a bit. I stayed on the ground though afraid that if I stood he would just push me back down.

"Not like that." I whispered. "I'm the runt of the litter and I'm so disobedient that I'm shocked he hadn't thrown me out when he found out I had trained Toothless." I continued quietly. I bent my head ready for some blow to come on me. Waiting for blood to trickle down my cheek. Waiting for my body to be sent rolling on the ground. Waiting for the yells and screams.

Waiting but not earning.

I took a quick glance up at Stoick through my bangs and gasped when I saw him kneeling in front of me. His hand was outstretched towards my shoulder and I tried to growl a warning but nothing came out except for a pathetic whimper. I tried to get as small as I could, I mean if he wanted to hit me I couldn't stop him, I might as well make it easier for him.

I felt his hand on my shoulder and I looked up at him. He was staring

at me worriedly his eyes filled with concern. "Hiccup I'm not going to hurt you." Spoke Stoick softly.

"I can't trust anybody." I growled trying to back away but not being able to move.

"You can trust me." He spoke softly and yet so sternly.

I didn't say anything just stared at him. He was trying to get me to trust him and I caught onto that quickly. The only problem is that I wanted to trust him, too.

"H-how do I kn-know you're not going to hurt me?" I asked all of a sudden tears were running down my face. I was losing my composure quickly and I didn't like it. I tried to wipe away my tears but Stoick got there first. He used his thumb and gently wiped the tears away. I leaned into his touch slightly and closed my eyes.

"You just have to trust me. I would never hurt you the way Alvin has." Spoke Stoick.

"Why is he being so kind to me?" I asked to myself. It's not like I have been nice to him, I mean I was just threatening to attack him. "But you can still hurt me." I whimpered. I saw him flinch and look away from me.

"I just want dad." I murmured. Sure I'd probably just get beat by Alvin but I didn't care. Why should I? He had been in my life for as long as I can remember. Stoicks eyes widened and I saw tears start to form in his eyes. "Why would he start to cry?" I asked myself.

"Hiccup I understand that you have just gotten here but you're going to need to trust me at least enough so that you don't have to eat bloody rabbits all the time, and so you have a warm place to sleep." Said Stoick hopefully.

"I don't knowâ€¦" I began. "â€¦I just don't want to be hurt again." I spoke quietly but Stoick still heard me.

"Oh Hiccupâ€¦.you won't be." Said Stoick making it sound like a promise. He pulled me into a loose embrace and I allowed him. I fell into his touch I forgot about Alvin for a bit. I feltâ€¦

Loved.

## 7. Eels and Regrets

**\*\*I have nothing to say\*\***

**\*\*Losing the Light by Lies\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>Three weeks since I had came to Berk and I was still eating raw meat. Though I did get sick quite a few times but that was normal. I mean reallyâ€¦Raw meat going into you digestive system. Sometimes it is going to get you sick for a couple of days. But after I had thrown

up on a little hunting trip with Stoick he made me try to eat every meal cooked. Tonight was one of those nights.<p>

I stared down at my cooked smoked eel and I shuddered. I HATED smoked eel! Stoick had already begun eating and I stared at my food disgusted.

"Why aren't you eating?" Asked Stoick.

"Umâ€¦I don't know." I replied shyly looking away.

"Just take a bite." Said Stoick. I picked up my silverware and picked up a piece of meat. Quickly I shoved into my mouth and instantly gagged. I covered my mouth and raced out of the building and threw up behind one of the trees in the forest closet to the house.

"You could have told me you hated smoked eel." Laughed Stoick following me out.

"Saying that I'm picky is just weak." I snarled wiping my mouth on my sleeve.

"Who said that?" Asked Stoick.

"I did." I replied angrily. I stood up and looked at him, face pale and stomach flipping, I stared at him.

"Hiccup it's not weak. Even I get picky about what I eatâ€¦I'm sure that a lot of Vikings are picky on what they eat." Stated Stoick. I stared at him stunned. Were they always well fed? Enough so they didn't need to worry if they didn't like something they would just go eat whatever they liked?

"Would you like to try some cod?" Asked Stoick.

"Sure." I murmured my mind still thinking about Outcast Island. I followed him back into the house and he put a cod over the fire.

"Soâ€¦Where have you been since you got here?" Asked Stoick.

"Umâ€¦mostly in the forest." I said. When Stoick left to go do his chief duties I always went out into the woods just to be free. I didn't know why Stoick had taken me under his wing, but he has and I have to admit it feels pretty good. He had a lot of better things to do, and him spending some time to help me settle in was really nice of him.

I just hope I won't regret trusting him.

â€¦.

A few hours after I had eaten I started to doze off and after what seemed like two minutes was shaken out of my nap.

"Come on Hiccup let's get you to bed." Spoke Stoick gently helping me up. I swayed and my legs gave out under me.

"I am tired." I remember whining as I tried to stay awake.



"I know that's why I'm taking you to bed." Said Stoick. That was what almost snapped me out of my daze. He was leading me towards a stair case that he had told me held an extra room. Usually I sleep outside, curled into myself trying to conserve heat. But lately Stoick's been going all mother hen on me trying to keep me warm and in perfect health.

It's really irritating.

"But we're not going outside." I stated suspiciously.

"it's going to be cold tonight so it's better if you don't stay outside." Replied Stoick. I was still drowsy but I was still aware of me talking all the way up the stairs.

"It's weird." I murmured mostly to myself but Stoick heard.

"What's weird?"He questioned.

"I've always had to sleep out in the cold on Outcast Island." I said tripping over my feet as we made it to the top of the stairs.

"Well you're not on Outcast Island are you?" Replied Stoick a little coldly not expecting an answer. He lifted me up as I started to fall asleep on my feet. He set me down on the bed and I moaned in pleasure as blankets warmed me up. I felt the bed move and I opened my eyes to see Stoick sitting next to me.

"You don't have to \*Yawn\* stay."I stated.

"I know." Whispered Stoick moving my bangs out of my eyes and I leaned into his touch willingly. My mind started to drift to sleep just as I felt Stoick lay a gentle kiss on my forehead before he gets up and walks away.

It wasn't until the next morning did I really realize what happened.

## 8. Brother Dagur

**\*\*Brotherly!Dagur! Get ready!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><em>'Snap!'<em>

\_'Snap! '\_

\_'Snap! '\_

Three sharp snaps.

\_'Rattle.' \_

\_'Rattle' \_

\_'Rattle.' \_

Three echoes of rattles.

\_'Slap! '\_

\_'Slap! '\_

\_'Slap! '\_

Three painful slaps.

But only one blood curtailing, blood chilling, and pain filled scream crossed my mouth.

Only one boy in pain.

Only one chief killing his son.

And only one kind of blood on the floor.

Mine.

\_'Clank.' \_

\_'Bang! '\_

\_'Boom! '\_

Pain shot through my chest, arms, and legs.

\_'SNAP! '\_

\_'RATTLE! '\_

\_'SLAP! '\_

Again and again the same sound filled my ears as I flinched forward. Blood was spreading around my cell never once did I beg for mercy, never once did I try to stop the pain, never once did I try to stop the sounds from echoing in my head.

Never once did I stop screaming, never once did I not stop crying, never once did I stop worrying. \_'What would they do to Toothless if I died? '\_

\_'Would they kill him too? '\_

\_'Would they use him till he drops dead? '\_

A hand landed on my shoulder throwing me onto my back pulling me back into reality. I was staring up into my father's cold hard glare.

"You're gonna get what's coming to ya if you keep using that mouth of yours." Hissed Alvin threateningly.

"Dadâ€¦" I murmured then I stopping instantly.

Another whip to my chest.

Another gasp of pain.

'Please Thor, Odinâ€| anyone just let this pain stop.' \_I thought closing my eyes as energy started to bleed out of me painfully.

â€|.

I shot up panting as sweat soaked my clothes. I think I might have screamed before I woke up because I heard hurried footsteps running up the stairs. I heard excited knocking and I wearily sighed "Come in." Thinking it was Stoick or Gobber.

Boy I was wrong.

Dagur burst in and I gave out a cry of Joy. "Hiccup!" Cheered Dagur running over to me and pulling me into a brotherly embrace while patting me on the shoulder. "How ya been?" Asked Dagur but I had my own questions.

"Waitâ€| why are you here?" I asked.

"Came to sign the peace treaty." Replied Dagur. "That blacksmith Gooberâ€| or Goblerâ€|"

"Gobber." I corrected.

"Whatever. Anyway he said that he checked on to see if your okay and said that you were still sleeping." Answered Dagur.

"Where's Stoick?" I asked knowing Stoick wouldn't allow anyone- an exception to Gobber- to get near me while I was sleeping.

"Uhâ€| He should be here any moment now. I sort of snuck away while he wasn't looking." Stated Dagur. We laughed and started chatting like two birds.

"How's your dad?"

"Sick. Yours?"

"Exiled me."

"Ouch. So you're an Outcast of the Outcasts?"

"Yep."

"Cool!"

Just then we heard the door downstairs slam open and two sets of heavy footsteps running up the stairs. The door was flung open and Stoick and Gobber were standing in the door way. "What are you doing Dagur?" Growled Stoick.

"Seeing one of my personal favorite Outcast." Replied Dagur giving me a noogie. I laughed for the first time in a long time in the loose head lock. Stoick stared at us surprise and confusion setting in his grey eyes.

"Good because you're my favorite Berserker!" I laughed punching Dagur on the shoulder lightly once I got out of his grip. All of a sudden I yawned and my eyes started to water.

"Oh look at this! Hiccup is too tired to talk now Dagur. You will need to come back later when he's more awake." Said Gobber quickly getting Dagur walking towards the door.

"Later gator." Waved Dagur.

"After while crocodile." I responded. We smiled at each other than Gobber closed the door behind them leaving me with Stoick.

Great!

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Um this story is really random so if you like stuff that leads to a plot then well...you might want to find a different story...Hiccup isn't going to be his calm self...he's more like a wild animal than a human being so...ya just a warning.<strong>

## 9. BerserkerOutcast VS Berkian 3X

\_\*\*I know this chapter is probably least likely in the whole story but think of it as three against two. And Dagur has a little sanity left in his head so yeah...\*\*\_

We stayed silent listening to Gobber pushing Dagur out of the door. All of a sudden I felt no longer tired but mad at Stocik and Gobber for interrupted our conversation.

Mood swings huh?

"What was that about!" I hissed threateningly.

"What?" Asked Stoick defensively.

"Don't '\_What?\_' \_Me. You just shoved him out as if he was about to break something." I snapped.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Stated Stoick staring me straight in the eyes.

"Liar!" I hissed and jumped out of the bed. Luckily for me the window above the bed was open so all I did was jump up and swing out of it.

"Hiccup!" Yelled Stoick but I ignored him. Tears were flooding my eyes making everything blurry. I ran into a couple trees but I never stopped. It was a few minutes by the time I had reached an opening into a cove. I ran down the trail but I tripped over my feet and went rolling instead.

I landing on my back and groaned as I tried to get air back into my aching lungs. I tried to sit up but my arms wouldn't support my weight, and I fell back onto my back. I turned onto my stomach and buried my head in the crook of my arms.

\_ 'I trusted him not to lie to me.' \_I thought to myself as I cried.  
\_ 'Useless at everything I guess.' \_

"Hiccup?" It wasn't Stoick so I didn't move.

"Hiccup? Where are you?" Who was that?

"Hiccup? Are you all right?" A pair of arms wrapped around my middle and got me on my knees. I looked up and smiled at Dagur.

"H-Hi." I replied brokenly.

"Hiccup what's wrong?" Asked Dagur holding me at arm's length. I sighed and looked away ashamed.

"I trust too much." I snarled.

"What do you mean Hic?" Asked Dagur using his nickname for me. I laughed lightly and smiled happy he was here.

"I trusted Stoick too much and thought that he wouldn't lie to me." I replied my smile fading quickly. Then without any warning Dagur pulled me into a warm embrace. I instantly wrapped my arms around his middle and started to bawl, my head resting on his chest. "It hurts to know that I'll never have a father again." I sobbed.

"I knowâ€¦I know." Replied Dagur gently petting my head.

"What's happening here?" Asked a mocking voice. Me and Dagur turned around and spotted the dark haired boy from the battle. This time I took in more of a description of his features. The boy had a big nose that was for sure. His dark hair was covered mostly by a horned helmet which looked too big for his head. His smirk was cruel and showed that his intention here wasn't good.

Behind him walking out of the forest was two similar teens. I guessed they were twins seeing as they looked the same in appearance except for one had braids while the other had his hair falling down. They had a really bad slouch and stupid smiles on their face.

"What do you want Snotlout?" Asked Dagur.

"I saw the Outcast here running into the woods and decided to follow him. You're a good swordsmen wimp I've got to say that." Sneered the so called Snotlout.

"Why did your parents call you Snotlout? Is it because you look like you have snot all over your face?" I asked trying to get out of this without a fight. But one thing I've learned since being here is that Berkian children never and I mean NEVER back down to a challenge like Outcast children do. On Outcast Island if I called someone a name they would tell my father and I would get beatâ€¦but here they fought. Whenever I did say something offensive I went back to Stoick's home with a bloody nose or a black eye. It only happened three times nothing to be proud of really.

"Why you little runt you're going to pay for that!" Yelled Snotlout and the look on his face said he meant it. I hid my face from the three teens and Dagur growled threateningly above me.

"If you want him you're going to have to go through me and if you don't remember I'm the heir to the Berserker tribe!" Snarled Dagur.

"Fine." Snarled the boy and I heard the three of them get into readied positions. Dagur pushed me away and I watched as he stood in front of me his arms held out.

Snotlout was the first one to make a move as he ran towards Dagur. After Dagur blocked Snotlout's first blow the twins ran up and started to help Snotlout. Dagur was outnumbered and was getting tired quickly as I could see. I jumped up and threw myself into the fight aiming right for Snotlout.

I hit my mark and me and Snotlout went rolling head over heels on the ground. He landed on top of me as we stopped near the cove's lake, and I struggled underneath his weight. He aimed a punch at my right eye and unluckily for me it made it.

I screamed in pain and thrashed meekly as my eye throbbed. Next thing I know my top left canine " which I have been taking really good care of- was chipped (Even though I really didn't care at the moment.) and I had a bleeding cut over my left eye.

This wasn't going to end well.

Snotlout aimed another punch at my stomach and before I knew it I was on my side trying to breath. "Stop." I heard a meek whimper ring out. When I turned to my other side and saw Dagur pinned underneath both of the twins.

"Stop what?" Asked Snotlout rudely. I looked up and gasped as I saw his foot right above my face.

"Don't hurt him." Said Dagur pain coming off him so that even where I laid I could still feel it.

"What's going to stop me?" Asked Snotlout.

"Um...his father." Stated a cold voice. I couldn't turn because I was in too much pain but I saw Dagur's face light up as he yelled "Dad!" I turned to my other side again to see who was there.

Oswald the Agreeable and Stoick the Vast were standing in the entrance of the cove and I sighed in relief.

"Get the 'ell off my son." Growled Oswald. The twins nodded and jumped off of Dagur running away as did Snotlout "Pretending" to trip over my stomach leaving me gasping as I heard a loud \_'CRACK!'. But right before Snotlout could run away Stoick grabbed him by the collar.

"Your father's going to know about this Snotlout." Growled Stoick letting him go. Snotlout nodded and ran away.

10. MAH TOOF XD

\_\*\*I alittle bit of in sight in this chapter of how long Hiccup and Dagur know each other in this chappy.\*\*\_

"Dagur are you all right?" Asked Oswald and for the first time ever I saw just how sick he was. His eyes were dull and nose bright red. His skin was a grey color and his hair was shaggy under his helmet. But he still had a fight in him as anyone could see.

"Yes father." Said Dagur standing up with difficulty. He held his middle as if trying to keep himself from falling apart. I suspected he had some broken ribs and I stared at him worried.

"Hiccup are you okay?" Asked Stoick. I shuddered and tried to stand, but with my chest aching, eye throbbing, and blood leaking over my left side of my face I fell back down. I screamed in pain and gripped my middle.

"Hiccup!" Dagur ran over to me the best he could and tried to help me up. But with the sharp stabbing pain in my sides all I was able to do was moan.

"I'm guessing more than just a black eye Stoick." Stated Oswald somewhere above me. I felt a gentle hand touch my side and I screamed in pain.

"Three broken ribs all on the same side, a cut above his left eye, black eye, and Snotlout chipped his top left canine." Reported Dagur quickly.

Instantly my hands went to my mouth and I felt around for the sharpened tip of my canine but only felt the jagged edge of a ruined tooth. "Damn it!" I snapped struggling to stand up. Dagur put my right arm around his shoulders and I leaned on him while cursing. "It had to be that damn tooth!" Dagur and Oswald burst into laughter and I stared at them shocked. "It's not a laughing matter! That was my biting tooth!" I whined.

"Every one of your canines is your biting tooth." Replied Dagur. Stoick stared at us looking shocked too.

"Oh just shut up will you." I growled angered by the news that my tooth was chipped.

"Okay, okay. Let's go get you two fixed up." Suggested Oswald.

"You two can go to our healer andâ€¦" Began Stoick.

"With all due respect Stoick I think the boys would rather go to our healer since they know him better." Stated Oswald.

"Gull is still here!" I spoke up excited.

"Yep he cured his own sickness." Stated Dagur.

"Great!" I cheered before groaning in pain.

"Let's get you two somewhere then." Said Stoick. So we started on the long painful trek back to the village. Every time we tripped Dagur and I would groan and force ourselves to continue. Oswald offered to carry Dagur after he had tripped and landed heavily on his side, I had heard a huge \_'CRACK' \_but he refused.

Once we had gotten back to the village however Dagur was being carried by his father while I was being carried by Stoick. We both had fallen over and were unable to get up. I didn't care anymore about what Stoick had said to me but now all I cared about was that I got help, and so did Dagur.

"Okay. Here we are." I heard Oswald say and I relaxed from my usual tense state.

"Hiccup? Are you okay?" Asked Stoick. I stayed still unable to move or talk for the sharp stabbing feeling in my sides still had not resided. I felt a hand go over my mouth and I let out a long ragged breath showing whoever it was that I was still breathing.

"Quickly. Quickly." Spoke a man from somewhere above me. I felt Stoick begin to move again and I was quickly set on a bed. I cracked open my eyes and groaned as the sunset light hit my eyes and I closed them again quickly.

"It's okay Hiccup. I just need you to continue breathing and you'll be fine." Stated Gull. I groaned and shivered slightly for no reason that I knew of.

"Stoick you can go now." Stated Oswald.

"Okay. Well goodbye." Said Stoick. I felt his gaze land on me even though my eyes were closed. I heard him leave and I felt dread flow through me. \_'Wait what!? Why do I feel dread?\_' I asked myself that question the whole time they helped Dagur. His pained yells were blocked temperately by my own worried thoughts.

"You okay Dagur?" I asked still not having enough strength to open my eyes.

"Yeah." Gaspd Dagur. I heard two pairs of footsteps heading towards me and I felt two pairs of hands get me to sit up. I groaned in pain but cooperated without complaint.

One pair of hands held me still while the other fumbled with some gauze or that was what I could hear. All of a sudden I was screaming as somebody touched my ribs. I thrashed like crazy and I heard people trying to calm me down but I couldn't hear them clearly.

"Hiccup! Please calm down!" Yelled Gull and I froze for a second. But the mad rush was already starting to fill my brain. But the pair of hand quickly wrapped the gauze around my middle and chest. Gull wrapped my cut over my eye with gauze also and I started to calm down.

"Good. That's a good boy." Soothed Oswald from behind me. I started to relax more and more, as my mind slowed down.

"Tired." I whined before I passed out.

## 11. Cringeworthy writing and Unwelcomed life

\*\*So...I forgot that this site even existed...oops. Anyway...this is so cringe worthy...everything about my writing is so...cringy... but I'll keep posting...slowly but surely...I will finish



this!\*\*

Food.

I smelt food.

I opened my eyes just a crack and sniffed the air again.

Yep defiantly food.

Cooked food. I closed my eyes again.

"Hiccup? Come on show me you're awake." Spoke a very soft voice. I groaned in response and rolled over onto my side. I hissed in pain but didn't move. Then a pair of hands grabbed onto my shoulders and pulled me onto my back. I hissed and tried to roll back over to my side.

"Hiccup you can't lay on that side." Stated a different voice.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because your ribs are broken."

"How?"

"You and Dagur got into a little fight with some of the Berkians."

"Who?" I was confused now my mind wasn't working as well as it had been before.

"Berkiansâ€¦from Berk."

"Noâ€¦no Dagur. Who's that?" I asked. I heard a soft gasp and a bed creak as someone got off of it.

"Dagur lay back down." Ordered the voice.

"No." Replied Dagur stiffly. I heard a thump and someone gently touch my face snapping memories back into my head. "Don't you remember me?"

I opened my eyes and smiled at Dagur. "Of course. My mind just isn't going as fast as it usually does today." Dagur cupped my cheek and I heard someone walk out of the room.

"Hic are you okay?" Asked Dagur.

"Yes." I murmured quietly. The fact was that my head hurt so much that I didn't even want to think.

"You've been asleep for most of the week." Stated Dagur.

"A week! Wow!" I didn't honestly care but still if it wasn't for the Berserker I most likely would be still in a lot more pain then I am now.

"You're awake!" Called Oswald as he and Gull walked in.

"Of course I'm awakeâ€|what I'm wondering is why I've been asleep for a week." I replied.

"Well you will at least heal faster than Dagur who's been running me down." Answered Gull. I looked at Dagur and he shrugged before getting up and walking back to his bed, where he laid down and closed his eyes.

"How much longer do I have to stay here?" I asked.

"Maybe one or two more weeks. Your ribs are mending quickly and your black eye has vanished." Replied Gull satisfied with my recovery.

"Great!" I paused before asking. "Is there anything to eat?"

"Oh! Of courseâ€| Forgive us we forgot that you would most likely be starved." Said Oswald. He ran out of the room and brought back  
â€|

"Smoked eel!" I said faking enthusiasm. Oswald handed me the plate and some silverware before walking out of the room. I stared at the slimy eel even if it had been cooked and plopped it into my mouth with the fork. Instantly I gagged but no one noticed and I swallowed the fishâ€|

If you could call it that.

I set the plate aside and my stomach growled not in hunger but in disgust. '\_I hope they won't just feed me smoked eel.' \_ I thought tiredly to myself as I laid back down closing my eyes. And slowly I let sleep claim me as its own.

â€|..

The next couple of weeks I grew stronger and soon I was walking around the ship without a single stab of pain going through my sides. But that still couldn't be said for Dagur. He was still stuck in bed for another week and I felt sorta bad for him.

"Hiccup? Stoick wants to see how you are doing." Said Oswald interrupting one of Dagur's and mine's conversations.

"Okay when?" I asked.

"Now." Replied Oswald. I sighed and stood up saying goodbye to Dagur and walking off of the boat. I was instantly met by Berkians and I gasped as I saw Snotlout standing between Stoick and another Vikings who looked like him slightly.

"Hello Hiccup." Greeted Stoick.

"Hello." I murmured my voice shaking as terror flooded through my body. I walked down the ramp and stood on the dock looking at my feetâ€|err foot.

"Snotlout has something to say to you." Said Stoick. I looked up and spotted Snotlout walking up to me. The look on his face saying that he didn't want to do this.

"I'm sorry." Murmured Snotlout. Anger filled my being as he turned away quickly. I clinched my fists and then unclenched them. I licked my canines with my tongue and soon my tongue was bleeding as it scrapped the jagged edge of my chipped tooth.

"You better not be expecting a damn forgiveness letter for your not forgiven." I snarled. Snotlout turned around and growled at meâ€|well not really growled but more like huffed at me in agitation. I was the one who growled. The sound was echoing up my throat to my mouth were it was permitted to escape.

"Why not? I was lectured for hours, belted, and grounded for a week isn't that enough for you?" Replied Snotlout hotly. I smiled and looked around the tribe suddenly interested by all of the people.

"Of course it's not enough. I was raised in a way that taught me that if you live to see another day after a fight then you use the rest of your life to kill or wound the other. But you're telling me that Berkian's are unfair in their fights? And I thought Outcasts cheated." I paused and laughed coolly even to my own ears my voice sounded like shattered glass. "At least whenever I caused injury to another Outcast and didn't get injured I was whipped unlike whatever this belted thing is. The best part is that I was whipped by the kid who I had almostâ€|" I didn't get to finish my sentence for a hand wrapped around my mouth and stopped my little speech.

"Don't do it again." Snarled Dagur to Snotlout not removing his left hand off of my mouth. I growled irritated and tried to bite his hand but he was able to keep my mouth clamped shut. My chipped tooth however did catch onto a bit of skin and I tasted blood in my mouth. "Ow Hiccup." Whispered Dagur glaring at me as he stepped in front of me. Then it hit me who I had just bit and I whimpered a muffled 'sorry'. He seemed to have understood and nodded his head slightly before looking back at Snotlout.

"You're lucky my father is a nice man for if I had been chief the Berserker's and Berk would be at war right now and it would be your entire faultâ€|but since I am not chief yet I have no say in this matter. But next time think about your tribe's dignity than your own." Said Dagur. His blood started to fill my mouth and I didn't want it to continue so I started to lick at his hand trying to stop the blood flow also trying to get his hand off of my mouth.

Dagur turned to me and removed his hand a little disgusted by the wet saliva from my tongue. "Hiccup I would love to take you with me but you were exiled on Berk which means you are property of Stoick until he pushes you off the Island or he allows you to become a full member of Berk. We have to leave today." Stated Dagur.

"What? No, don't go!" I practically begged.

"I'm sorry Hiccup but I have to." Said Dagur pulling me into an embrace. I didn't hug back because everything was going too fast.

Exile.

Losing Toothless.

Staying with Stoick.

Fighting with Snotlout.

Staying with Dagur.

And now this.

Only one thing crossed my lips when Dagur had finally let go and was starting to sail off from the island. In front of all the Berkians too.

"I hate my life."

## 12. Just Trying to Get Bad Chapters Out

I stayed inside Stoick's house for a few days until hunger drove me out to hunt. Everyone was still wary of me and gave me wide birth but that was the way I liked this village. They seemed to have a little more class than the Outcasts.

Just a little bit more.

"I'm starving." I growled as I searched through the forest. Then I heard a twig snap and I perked up thinking it was at least small game.

"Well why don't you go get something to eat?" Replied an old cranky voice. I bowed my head in disappointment.

"Mildew leave him alone." Replied Stoick.

"What?" Asked the old coot. There was a bleat somewhere to my right and I started walking that way. Then I walked right into a sheep and tripped over it sending myself tumbling to the ground.

"Stupid farm animals." I growled angrily while I stood up and dusted myself off.

"Fungus ain't a farm animal." Replied Mildew.

"What if I wasn't talking about the sheep?" I asked.

"Why you littleâ€¦" began Mildew.

"Mildew." Warned Stoick.

I looked at them and asked "What are you two doing out here in the middle of the day?"

"Mildew wanted to show me something." Sighed Stoick.

"Might as well stop here because this is it." Said Mildew pointing at me.

"What did I do! I've been inside for a few days since the Berserkers left." I said defensively.

"Then I'll show you what I saw and you can prove me right Stoick."

Said Mildew.

"What if I'm right?" I stated heatedly. I did not like this bloke.

"Well you're not." Said Mildew.

"Mildew!" Snapped Stoick. "Arguing with a child is not helping."

"Well this child is winning the argument because I haven't done shit." I hissed at the old man.

"Better clean your mouth out boy." Sneered Mildew.

"Why you old maggot? Because you haven't in decades." I snapped. I was tense and was about to pounce and Stoick could see it. He stepped between us right when I jumped and gently pushed me back to where I was standing. My eye sight was clouded in a red light and when I shook my head trying to clear it, it just got thicker.

"Just show me where you were taking me." Sighed Stoick to Mildew who promptly turned away and started walking stiffly as if his legs were too frail to hold up his body. "Hiccup be kind. He is older and wiser thanâ€|"

"He sure doesn't act his age than." I growled smiling.

"That is not what I mean. He is annoying yes. But he is also at a higher respect than you."

"Ya, ya, ya, I get it. Don't mess with him or else he'll set the village on me."

"Exactly."

â€|

We walked in silence and that sheep was getting closer and closer to me. I stepped to the other side of Stoick trying to get as far away as possible but soon I was tripping over the dang animal. I cursed as I had to force myself up again.

"Be careful with me Fungus." Snarled Mildew.

"Oh I'll carefully chop offâ€|" I looked at Stoick than plastered a smile on my face as I saw him give me a warning look. "Okey dokey artichokey." I said smiling at the old man. When he stopped glaring at me I stuck my tongue out at his stupid sheep and it bleated.

"Boy don't you dare hurt him."

"I'm not doing anything!"

"Of course yer not."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"SHUT UP!" Bellowed Stoick. Mildew, Fungus, and I (I can't believe I had to put the goat ahead on me for proper grammar and I can't

believe I did the same thing to Fungusâ€|just for GRAMMAR) jumped and looked at him. He was pinching the bridge of his nose annoyed.

"It was the sheep's fault." I stated quickly putting in my two cents. Stoick glared at me and I smiled back at him trying not to laugh at the 'really your going there' look he gave me.

"It's over here." Growled Mildew pointing at a tree. Instantly I smelt blood.

"That's deer blood." I whispered under my breath instantly regretting it as Mildew turned on me.

"So you know the scent eh?" Snapped the old man.

"Of course I know the scent! Who doesn't?"

"Any sane person would just smell blood not a specific kind."

"Well Iâ€|wait did you say any sane person?" I asked.

"Ya." Growled Mildew. I nodded and turned on my heels starting back towards the village ignoring Stoick's calls. '\_Am I insane? Am I not normal? '\_

End  
file.